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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1630

I could empathize with Marcus if he refused to be seen by someone he loved in a state ravaged by illness. His emotions were my priority, and I would respect any decision he made.

Marcus stared at me quietly for a long time until it felt like the time and space around us were frozen. His pupils barely moved, and he did not seem angered by my presence. Only the arrhythmic beating of his heart assured me that he was still alive.

I took his silence as tactful rejection. Maybe Marcus was not prepared to see me yet.

Mustering a smile on my face, I nodded my head a fraction to let him know that I was not upset by his decision.

I had just turned around to leave when he said, "I knew you would come. Please take a seat." I knew you would come. Please, sit.

The words rang in my head as I took a deep breath to push down the urge to burst into tears. I composed myself before returning to his bedside and taking a seat.

"How do you feel today? Better?" This sort of small talk felt rather cliché to me, yet it always seemed like the most natural thing to do.

"What would you like to hear? That I'm feeling great, or no?" Each word seemed to sap Marcus' energy, though he stubbornly maintained that self-deprecating expression on his face.

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Who are you trying to impress?

I smiled as I tucked the blankets around him and teased, “You shouldn’t concern yourself with my feelings at this point. You’re the patient here. So tell me how you really feel.”

Life felt like one of Shakespeare’s ironic comedies. It was the most trivial of matters that often courted the harshest criticisms and the most heartless words.

Yet, when it came time to knock on death’s door, one would wear a perpetual smile and assure everyone that everything was fine. It was as if living in denial could change one’s fate, even though it was no more than an act of self-deception.

The facade intensified as one inched closer to imminent death. In a sense, lying was the only way to pull through the agonizing journey toward the end.

“I feel crappy,” came his loud answer. It seemed to exhaust him as he added weakly, “I feel terrible, and everything hurts. It’s so unfair.”

I knew he was being harsh to vent his anger, yet I could not suppress the sorrow that rose in me. My hands paused in their motion, and I avoided his gaze.

“What are you scared of?” Marcus was heaving as he said this, and his warm breath fogged up his ventilator.

I tried my best not to reveal my emotions and shook my head. Instead, I coaxed him, “Nothing. You shouldn’t be scared, either. I’ve tracked down the best doctors in the world, and they’ll figure something out. You’re Marcus

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White, for God's sake. You've cheated death more times than I can remember, and you won't go down so easily."

I paused for a moment before lifting my gaze. Nudging his elbow, I added, "Be a man and put up a fight."

He lowered his gaze slowly until it landed on the spot where I had touched him. The expression in his eyes did not change as he silently contemplated my words. A while later, he uttered, "Marry me, and I'll hang on. Otherwise, dying now doesn't make a difference to me."

"Don't be childish." I sighed and continued apologetically, "You were there at my wedding. Marcus, I'm living well, and I'm happy. Please stop being so stubborn and let go of your obsession. There's someone out there whose heart has always belonged to you but you haven't seen it yet."

Marcus' gaze grew hazy, and it was impossible to discern if he had lost focus or was paying attention to my words.

"I won't talk about this anymore if you don't want to listen to it. I'll be here every day to visit you and take care of you. Everything will be fine. Don't overthink things—"

"I want to marry you." Marcus raised his voice suddenly.

Shocked, I lifted my head and met his stubborn gaze.

He said coldly, "You can't refuse me. I ended up like this because of you. In a bid to control Ashton, the Halls initially planned to skip in vivo trials and use you as their guinea pig for their radiation trials. I offered to take your place instead, and this is the aftermath of their experiment."

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Marcus began cackling pitifully after that, and despite the absurdity of his words, I could not find it in myself to hate him.

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